

WARREN  
MAGAZINE



CREEPLY  
#82

SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER GIANTS! WITH ESTEBAN MAROTO!

# CREEPLY

\$4.25

WPC  
1982



# VAMPIRELLA PAPERBACK NOVELS!



**BLOODSTAIN!** Vampirella the voluptuous virgin of VAMPIRELLA! A vampire in a revealing, satanic jacket, selected from her dying planet where blood flows in rivers. VAMPIRELLA must learn to live on Earth... as she's surrounded by powerful enemies like the Cull of the mad god Chao. She avoids the blood-sucking Slayer. Caught by Neil Long. Betrayed by his son Adam... and to the vampire Pendragon... she will finally escape the evil Cull of Chao and happily slake her own thirst for human blood! #72124 \$1.25



**BLOOD WEDDING!** Ready to die even as good as dead and dying as VAMPIRELLA of Love in the wedding costume of the mysterious Count Medusa. He promises of a gaily audience and vampire's transformation. VAMPIRELLA and Pendragon find that they have been chosen to provide a deadly and macabre entertainment. The Count has devised a dramatic finale to VAMPIRELLA's life! He has scheduled her appearance in a combined performance on the stage of the mad god the Pao wants to fight the evil... insane Chao! #72120 \$1.25



**ON ALIEN WINGS** takes VAMPIRELLA to an isolated Hollywood estate where the owner has devised a formula for immortality involving a blood-sucking VAMPIRELLA! On the Hollywood scene on a nightful Caldecott prize... an a deadly virus... she and Pendragon are haunted by those at end the conspiracy... the Cull of Chao! Pursued mercilessly by Conrad Von Red Long who must fight the growing at heart of his son for the beautiful mysterious alien she must have to be free... at conquest! #72126 \$1.25



**DEATHSAME** when VAMPIRELLA is the one killed. Her life's enemy... who men haunted by... combining... she lives on the face of the world that VAMPIRELLA has left... to be... the young... written... to... Against... she is... a... hidden... with a... the... a... man... whose... danger... with... the... Cull of Chao... can be... the... of... the... beautiful... deadly... vampire! #72126 \$1.25



**DEADWALK!** brings readers, zombies and human... she must... conflict with VAMPIRELLA's... to... fight the evil Cull of Chao... Blood... vampire... to... destroy... Pendragon... and capture VAMPIRELLA... the... project... candidate... for... human... sacrifice... by... the... deadly... Pao... vampire... and... his... partner... The... glacial... world... of... high... series... an... unlikely... lover... for... the... walking... dead... but... to... VAMPIRELLA... a... change... a... number... stalks... the... darker... world... of... such... mysterious... Raped... by... Adam... VAMPIRELLA... weeps... but... he... appears... Chao! #72127 \$1.25



**SNAKEGOD** when VAMPIRELLA... agreed... to... become... most... vicious... than... any... she... has... yet... encountered... The... incredible... Cobra... Queen... Princess... of... a... dragon... cult... deep... in... the... jungle... of... Southeast... Asia... like... by... her... own... will... and... into... the... body... of... a... deadly... venomous... snake... Pre... siding... over... poison... pits... at... a... man... named... single... vampire... Queen... of... evil... blood... instead... of... gold... and... jewels... The... Cobra... Queen... wants... Adam... Van... Red... Long... as... her... partner... for... her... deadly... wounded... lover... and... vampire... And... she... wants... VAMPIRELLA... dead! #72128 \$1.25

**VAMPIRELLA, THE WORLD'S FIRST COMIC STRIP HEROINE, COMES TO PAPERBACK! SIX FULL-LENGTH, ORIGINAL NOVELS FEATURE THE ADVENTURES OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND DEADLY EXTRATERRESTRIAL VAMPIRESS! VAMPIRELLA...BET YOU CAN'T READ JUST ONE!**



**OUR COVER**  
There was a *Savage* in the forest — the *Savage* named the snake, machine, human, gun, eating human flesh, and attacking man, woman and babies for their sinners!

**Editor-In-Chief  
& Publisher**  
**JAMES WARREN**

**Editor**  
**W.B. DuRAY**

**Senior Editor**  
**LOUISE JONES**

**Art Production Manager**  
**W.B. MORALLEY**

**Production**  
**JAMES ISLES**

**Advertising Production**  
**SUSAN JOY FREY**

**Cover**  
**HILL DuRAY and**  
**ESTEBAN MAROTO**

**Interior Color**  
**PEGGY DuRAY**

**Writers This Issue**  
**BRUCE BEZAIRE**  
**BUDD LEWIS**  
**DOUG MOENCH**  
**OREG POTTER**  
**JIM STENSTROM**

**Artist This Issue**  
**ESTEBAN MAROTO**

CREEPLY NO. 82 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT APRIL, SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL, SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES ARE 145 EAST 32ND STREET, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE (212) 683-6000.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 8 ISSUES FOR \$12.00 IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE \$14.00.

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1976 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION, AND THE PAN AMERICAN COPYRIGHT CONVENTION. CREEPLY IS REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA. NADA SE PUEDE REPRODUCIR NI PLAGIAR EN TODO O EN PARTE SIN PERMISO DEL EDITOR.

NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNDESIRABLE MATERIAL PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF YOUR FIRST ISSUE.

**CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

# CREEPLY®

## CONTENTS

**ISSUE NO. 82**  
**AUGUST 1976**

**4**

**FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS** Paul Hunter, Con man, Smuggler, Assassin, Thief. He went down with his plane. In the vast, swamp-infested jungle. A gator tore off his arm. But Paul Hunter survived. And he would live, he knew, if only he could hide from the hideous, man-eating reptile man!

**22**

**BRANCATELLI: COMIC BOOK** Comic book writers hate you, their readers. They think you're young, dumb and insensitive. So says columnist Joe Brancatelli. But who is Brancatelli? And why is he saying those terrible things about writers?

**23**

**A MOST PRIVATE TERROR** Ice wind knifed through his soul, chilling him with cold, oppressive fear. The blackness pressed in, smothering him with its concealed terrors. Briley Culmella peered blindly into the night, straining to see. But the stalking beast could never be seen.

**35**

**DEJA VU** Close your eyes, and hark in the softness of my voice. You are going back. Back beyond your childhood. Back to a time before your birth. You were someone else then. A witch. And they tormented you. Can you remember, Janet Becker, how they abused you . . . and burned you at the stake?

**43**

**RELATIVES** God. The supreme being. Creator of the universe and all life within. Yet, if God truly exists, has He made Himself known to intelligent races of other planets? Do alien life forms practice religions . . . worship a deity? Or is God simply another of man's many ingenious inventions?

**50**

**A SCREAM IN THE FOREST** They dwell somewhere in the darksome, evil forest. Mindless creatures called Fearies. In times of plenty, they are peaceable, serene. But when the land is parched and food scarce, they stalk from their lair to gather their favorite food . . . young women!



A FULL MOON, A BRAZILIAN NIGHT, AND A  
MAN WITH A THICK, I CALL YOUR ATTENTION  
TO THIS HUNTER. BUT DO NOT INTERFERE.  
RETRIBUTION IS DUE HIM AND HE WILL NOT  
BE SWAYED FROM HIS TASK BEFORE IT IS  
MADE. UNTIL THEN, SIT TIGHT FOR ONLY  
THEN WILL HE TRY...

# FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

SOO, NOW THE TIME HAS COME BY, THE  
DRAB, THE BAHIA, THE RULER-BEAST - ALL MORE  
LIVED THAN YESTERDAY AND YET NOW LONG HAS IT BEEN -  
FOUR MONTHS, CLOSER TO FIVE AND YET IT  
SEEMS MUCH LONGER SINCE YOU LOST  
THAT AIR OF YOURS, DOMINANT, IT HUNTER'S  
DETERMINATION - RATHER, OBSESSION - NOW OUT  
THOUGH, DIDN'T IT, MR. HUNTER? THE THOUGHTS  
OF YENGRANCE YOU ALLOWED PERMIT THESE  
LONG, WEEKS NEED NOW BECOME MUCH LONGER,  
SQUASH A BUG AND YOU'LL KILL A MAN.



YES? WHO'S THERE?

JUST ME, DOC.

CAWCOO!  
HUNTER, IF YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

MORE THAN YOU'LL  
BE, DOC... UNLESS  
YOU LISTEN TO ME!

THREE!



JUST A DOWN-PAVMENT  
WANNING, WITH A PROMISE  
OF MORE TO COME.  
UNDER ANY OTHER  
CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED  
LONG ENOUGH TO HIT  
THE FLOOR.

HUNTER... LISTEN TO  
ME! YOU'VE GOT TO  
BELIEVE ME! THERE WAS  
NOTHING MORE I COULD'VE  
DONE! IT'S NOT RUNNING OUT  
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING  
TO BE DONE!

THE URGE IS  
THERE, WANNING.  
DON'T PUSH IT SOONER  
THAN NECESSARY HERE, IT'LL  
BE GETTING LIGHT SOON -  
GET DRESSED AND LET'S  
PICK UP THE STUFF.



STUFF? WANT... THE  
HEROIN? THEY LOOK  
I HAVEN'T GOT IT IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
MEAN!

CUT THE GAMES? - I'M NOT  
IN THE MOOD! NOW... WHERE  
IS THE HOSPITAL?

I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH,  
HUNTER. I DON'T HAVE THE  
STUFF... NEVER WENT BACK  
TO GET IT... COULDN'T.

YOU TRYING TO TELL  
ME IT'S STILL ON THE  
PLANE? COME OFF

THAT'S PRECISELY  
WHAT I MEAN. I WANTED  
TO GO BACK AND GET THE  
JUNK, SURE - BUT WITH  
THAT GAGG STILL OUT  
THERE...

A REPTILE, YOU EXPECT  
ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'D  
LEAVE A HALF A MILLION IN  
HIDDEN BECAUSE OF A  
REPTILE?

NOT JUST THAT - IT'S  
THE SWAMP REGION ITSELF  
THE WHOLE AREA AROUND  
THERE IS A TULLA COUNTRY  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
HEADHUNTERS OR SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT. THE LOCAL NATI-  
VES AREN'T EVEN SURE  
WHAT'S OUT THERE

IF THIS IS  
SOME KIND OF  
RUNAROUND...

BELIEVE ME, IT'S NOT  
DO YOU THINK I'D STILL BE  
HERE IF I HAD THE STUFF TO  
BUY MYSELF ACROSS THE  
BORDER? I CAN'T EVEN GET OUT  
OF THIS MISERABLE JUNGLE UNTIL  
ARGENTINA CALLS HER DOGS OFF ME. THEY  
DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT I AM THE ONE WHO  
TOOK THE STUFF TO BEGIN WITH.

AND THAT'S WHY  
THE "GOOD DOCTOR"  
MASQUERADE ?

NOT REALLY A MASQUERADE.  
MORE OF A MUTUAL  
AGREEMENT THE PEOPLE  
HERE HELPED ME WHEN I WAS  
IN NEED AND NOW I'M  
RETURNING THE FAVOR. THEY  
WERE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE  
BEFORE I CAME, AND AS  
MUCH AS I DETEST THE  
JUNGLE, IT'S A PRETTY NICE  
SET-UP UNTIL I CAN GET  
OUT OF HERE.

WE'RE  
WASTING TIME  
LET'S GO



BACK TO THE PLANE? NO, I MEAN... I CAN'T GO BACK THERE! I TOLD YOU--! LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR ARM AND EVERYTHING, BUT I -



I SAID -  
MOVE!

WHY DON'T YOU GET IT OVER WITH RIGHT NOW?

I NEED YOU. SHOULD THIS TURN OUT TO BE A STALL OF SOME SORT, I'M GOING TO RAM REMINGTON HERE DOWN YOUR THROAT.

CHRIS!!

WHO THE HELL...?

CHRIS!  
WHAT IS HE DOING TO YOU?



SWARZEN!  
NO, STAY BACK!  
THIS IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.



YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED...

WHO'S THE GIRL?

MY NURSE  
PEACE CORPS  
VOLUNTEER. SHE'S  
GOT NOTHING TO  
DO WITH US,  
HUNTER...

ANSWER ME  
CHRIS/ ARE YOU  
IN SOME KIND OF  
TROUBLE?



FATAL  
TROUBLE,  
MISS



CAN'T DO IT.  
SHE'LL HAVE TO  
COME ALONG. I  
DIDN'T PLAN ON A  
THREESOME, BUT  
AS LONG AS SHE  
DOESN'T GIVE ME  
ANY GRIEF NO  
HARM. WILL COME  
TO HER.

YOU'D  
BETTER GET  
BACK INSIDE.  
I'LL EXPLAIN  
LATER...



ON THE OTHER HAND, ALL SHE  
HAS TO DO IS GET OUT OF LINE  
ONCE AND HER TAIL IS IN THE  
SAME SLING AS YOURS. GOT  
A JEEP?

IN THE  
BACK.



YOU'VE GOT THE  
DRIVER'S SEAT, YOUR  
LADY FRIEND CAN  
JOIN YOU UP FRONT.



OK, BY THE WAY... IN CASE  
YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS OF  
ESCAPE, KEEP IN MIND THAT  
SHOULD YOU EVER GET OUT OF  
RANGE, MISS HINERTON IS THE  
NEXT LIKELY CANDIDATE. IT  
DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU GO  
OUT ALONE... OR WITH  
FRIENDS.



AS NIGHT SURRENDERS AND MAKES ITS FINAL BOW, THE FIRST LICKS OF DAWN FIND OUR TRAVELERS MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG BEATEN PATHS AND MAKE-SHIFT ROADS UNUSED SINCE THE BITULLA UPRISING A YEAR EARLIER. LIGHTER UNDERBRUSH BECOMES A DETOUR WHEN NECESSARY, AND CUTTING MACHETTES BLAZE THE ROUTE SLOWLY, AND WITH SOME EFFORT, THEY RICH ON...



WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH - PULL OVER TO THE LEFT ... UP AHEAD



FROM HERE ON, WE'RE ON FOOT.





LOOK, HUNTER,  
THIS SWAMP... I

SOMETHING  
WRONG, DOG?



CLIMB OFF ME, HUNTER!  
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL  
WHAT I MEAN! WHAT IF IT  
COMES BACK?

WHA! SO THE SITUATION IS  
REVERSED NOW, RUN? WELL, I  
WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT  
I MANAGED TO KILL IT AFTER  
YOU LETT ME. I STILL HAD  
MY KNIFE...



ANYWAYS,  
THERE'S THE  
PLANE...



YOU TWO ARE  
WELCOME TO COME  
ALONG, IF YOU  
LIKE.



WHAT?!

IT'S  
GONE...

I SAID.. THEY'RE  
GONE! SAFE AND  
ALL!

AND MY FRIEND,  
YOU HAVE THEM!

THANK, HUNTER! SO LEFT,  
IF RIGHT, AM LEFT, WOULD I  
BOTHER TAKING THE WHOLE  
SAFE IF I KNEW THE  
COMBINATION?

DON'T BE A  
FOOL, HUNTER. YOU  
KNOW HOW I FEEL  
ABOUT THIS SHAW AND  
THE THING I THOUGHT WAS  
STILL OUT HERE...

AWW... MAKES  
SENSE. YOU SAY, YOU  
MAYNOT BE TELLING  
THE TRUTH, ONLY  
ONE WAY TO BE  
SURE...

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BY - MY GOD!  
IS - IS THAT  
JOHNSON?

JUNGLE ANIMALS,  
I IMAGINE.

BUT HIS  
CLOTHES... THEY'RE  
GONE!

FORGET IT, WE'RE  
WASTING TIME  
AGAIN.

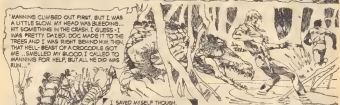
YOU CAN'T STEAL  
WANT THE STUFF... IF  
WE'RE ALREADY TOO CLOSE  
TO THE BTULLA VILLAGE AS IT  
IS AND YOU WANT TO ENTER  
IT? THEY'RE IDOL-WORSHIPPERS!  
NOTHING LESS THAN HUMAN  
SACRIFICES SATISFY THEM!  
YOU GO AHEAD - BUT  
WE'RE STAYING.

SORRY DID  
BUT YOU DON'T  
HAVE A CHOICE!  
C MON!

SUICIDE,  
SHEER  
SUICIDE.

HUNTER,  
I...

WHAT IS  
IT, KID?



HAVING RETRACTED THE ROUTE BACK TO THE JEEP WITH THE OTHERS, WANNING COMES UPON A STRANGE NOTE.



I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE THOUGHT OF BRINGING ANY SANDWICHES, DID THEY?



WORKING HOT YET CHECKED, THE TRAVELERS CONTINUE WITH STEADY STEAM—UNWARE OF THE EYES WHICH NOW OBSERVE THEM.



OTHER EYES BELONGING TO HIDDEN FORMS BENDING, TENSING, AWAITING THE PROPER MOMENT.



SILENTLY, AS CONFIDENT AS ANY BIRD OF PREY, IT SPRINGS FROM ITS PERCH...



...AND ATTACKS

CHRIS!



ACTION: MANNING PROVES NO MATCH FOR THE CREATURE'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH, AND THE TWO COMBATANTS FALL FROM THE UNCONTROLLED VEHICLE.

HANG TIGHT!  
WE'RE GONNA  
CRASH!

REACTION: DRIVERLESS, THE JEEP VEERS OFF THE ROAD AND INTO THE JUNGLE.

RESULT: HITTING THE TREES HARD IT BEGINS TO ROLL OVER, LOSING ITS TWO REMAINING PASSENGERS IN THE PROCESS.

CONCLUSION: THE OVERTURNED VEHICLE NOW GRINDS TO A HALT, HUNTER TRIES TO GATHER HIS WITS AS THE GIRL LAYS QUITE STILL.

BUT THEN A CRY OF PAIN DOES WONDER FOR AWARENESS.





WHAT ARE YOU  
WAITING FOR?  
SHOOT IT!



HUNTER!  
FOR GOD'S SAKE,  
SHOOT!





I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT THESE THINGS ARE, I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE 'EM, BUT I'D PLAN ON THERE BEING MORE OF THEM AROUND.



HERE YOU MAY NEED THIS...



WHAT? WHO'S TO SAY I WON'T KILL YOU?

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MAYBE I DID IT TO DOUBLE OUR CHANCES FOR SURVIVAL... MAYBE I HAVE ANOTHER REASON.



SO... WHAT NOW?

WELL... YOU AND USKY THERE MANAGED TO TOTAL OUR JEEP AND IT'S A MESS OF A LONG WALK BACK FOR NOTHING. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU TWO, BUT I FEEL SAFER WITH HEADHUNTERS THAN I DO WITH THOSE THINGS WHO KNOWS? THEY MIGHT BE A BUNCH OF SMALL GUYS...



...EITHER WAY, BE READY.



AS LATE AFTERNOON NEARS, EACH PRECIOUS FOOT IS EARNED AND SEEMS TO TAKE MORE AND MORE TIME TO ACHIEVE. THE LONG DAY SEEMS TO TAKE ITS TOLL ON THE WEARY TRAVELERS AND DISTANCE IS BEING EXCHANGED FOR CAUTION.

THOSE NATIVES... ARE THEY CANNIBALS AS WELL AS HEADHUNTERS?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF, WHY?



ANOTHER ONE...



HUNTER! WAIT UP!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP ANGLE, HUNTER. SHE CAN'T TAKE THIS BEATING.

WE'RE MOVING ON...



BLAST YOU TO HELL...

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.

WHA... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THE VILLAGE...

HOW MUCH IS A LIFE WORTH? WHERE ARE THE PRICE TAGS? WHY IS IT ONLY IN MOMENTS OF HORROR THAT MEN STOP TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER THESE QUESTIONS? CAN CUSTOMS SO SCALP A MAN THAT HIS DEATH CAN BE LESS THAN TRAGIC? DO IDOLWORSHIPERS TRANSFORM GODS OR IS IT THE PRIEST WHO OFFENDS THE GOLDEN CALF?

HOW STOP FOR ONE MOMENT AND PAUSE... WHO AMONG US WILL REMEMBER THE ANNIHILATION OF THE STULLAS, AND WHO WILL REMEMBER THE EXTIRPATION OF THE HEADHUNTERS? OH, YES, THERE WILL BE THE JUDGES, AND OF THE JUDGES THERE MAY BE THE MOURNERS.

BUT OF THE JUDGES, WILL THERE BE CONFESSORS OF GUILT? GOD'S SHEEP HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED, BROTHERS LAY WASTED, HUMAN BEINGS - MURDERED. SOME WOULD HAVE IT SAID STILL OTHER WAYS.

OH, MY LORD... THOSE  
DANES... THEY'VE TAKEN  
OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE,  
KILLED EVERYONE, AND...  
HUNTER! THE SAFE!  
THERE IT IS!

YOU'D  
BETTER STAY  
BACK...





IT'S HARD TO TELL HOW MANY OF THOSE THINGS ARE IN THE TREES RIGHT ABOVE US... YOU'D BETTER TAKE THAT WEAPON OFF YOUR SHOULDER.

HAH? OH...YEAH, SURE.



YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW.



YOU DON'T FLINCH ON GOING OUT THERE, DO YOU?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO. I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE THEY'RE NOT TOO HUNGRY...



NO... DON'T GO! THEY'LL KILL YOU! THE SAFE ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT!

OK, LADY, YOU'VE GOT TO BE HIDDIN'. COVER ME WITH THAT THING, DOC, AND I MIGHT DEAL YOU IN YET...

RIGHT.

WITH A SLOW, CAUTIONS STRIDE HUNTER FINDS SURPRISINGLY LOW RES STANCE



...ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY KNOW THEY SHOULD FEAR THIS ONE... THIS KILLER OF THEIR SPECIES.



IT'S WORKING! THEY SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THIS GUN CAN DO. THEY'RE AFRAID OF IT! I'M GONNA MAKE IT!



LOOK, I'M NOT BORN TO WASTE TIME ARGUING WITH YOU! JUST SHUT UP AND COVER ME!

CARRYING THE ONLY WEAPON NOW AVAILABLE MAKING TREADS SILENTLY... NOT WISHING TO DISTURB THE CREATURES' BUSYWORK.



HE REACHES THE STEPS OF THE IDOL WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND THEN CLIMBS TO THE ALTAR, DISREGARDING THE OBJECTS ABOUT THE SAFE, HE BRUSHES THEM ASIDE - BUT THEN STOPS TO TAKE SECOND NOTICE...

WHAT ARE THESE OTHER THINGS...?



AND FINDS...

WHY... THEY'RE SOLD!





NOT ONLY THE STUFF...  
BUT DIVIDENDS? THE  
NATIVES HERE MUST HAVE  
BEEN COLLECTING THESE  
FOR YEARS...! THIS IS  
JUST TOO GOOD..



BETTER HURRY...  
NO TELLING HOW LONG  
IT TAKES THOSE THINGS  
TO DEVOUR A MAN...



TOO LATE.  
THEY'RE THROUGH...  
AND BY THE LOOKS  
OF IT, STILL  
HUNGRY!



SHARON, LISTEN  
TO ME CAREFULLY.  
FIRE A FEW ROUNDS  
DIRECTLY INTO THEM!  
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH  
TO SCARE THEM  
OFF..!



DO YOU HEAR  
ME? FIRE RIGHT INTO  
THEM! SHARON?...  
SHARON!



ANSWER ME, FOR  
GOD'S SAKE!  
SHARROWN!!



BUT THERE WAS NO ONE  
THERE TO ANSWER...

ACCORDING TO LATER REPORTS, A GIRL  
IDENTIFIED AS SHARON ROBERTS, A CORPS  
VOLUNTEER, WAS FOUND THE NEXT MORNING  
WANDERING AIMLESSLY ABOUT THE JUNGLE  
— COULD, HUNGRY, AND SUFFERING FROM  
MENTAL BREAKDOWN.

# THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

**T**he woman of whom I write is unknown to you, but who she is has no great significance anyway. The dangerous school of literary thought to which the subscribers, however, is of vital interest to you.

When I returned from an assignment in Dallas not long ago, I called the woman of whom I write into my tiny cubicle in order to pass along a possible story idea concerning a complicated, but undeniably important, economic issue.

"How in hell are our readers going to understand what we're talking about," asked the woman of whom I write.

"If you write it up plainly enough," I said, "I'm sure they'll find useful and valuable information in the story."

The woman of whom I write stared blankly, no doubt amazed that I cared and gathered herself off my rather battered guest chair, "Ninety-eight per cent of our readers still move their lips," the woman of whom I write snarled with a wide grin that did nothing to hide her disdain. "There's not a thing I can write that they'll understand."

Unfortunately for the woman of whom I write, my tiny cubicle is at the right hand of God—the managing editor—and has notoriously poor sound absorption qualities.

Our God overheard the woman of whom I write's intemperate remark.

"I am truly sorry that we aren't THE NEW YORKER magazine or equivalent to it," Our God said to the woman of whom I write. "But since you find our readers so terribly disastrous I trust you won't waste your talents here any longer."

And, our God told the woman of whom I write before returning to his seat with all his dignity, "make sure your body is over this office by the end of the day."

**M**y little vignette is a tale or rare humor on the part of our God. He far too often allows shady work to pass his desk and into the paper for no discernable reason. But one thing he could not abide was a reporter or writer who hates the people for whom they write.

All too frequently, however, comic-book editors allow their writers to hate you. It stands to reason that no one can write quality material when he hates his audience.

**T**here are many reasons why today's comic books are bad, of course, but the poor quality of the work is easily the most distressing and disappointing I have lost count of the times I have heard comic-book writers complain about the lack of intelligence you, the reader, are

saddled with. Comic-book writers despair when you do not buy their masterpieces, no realizing, of course, that they have not written a masterpiece.

**I**n lieu of writing for you, most of today's comic-book writers write for their friends and enemies. Worse of all they write for their peers—who feel similarly that the rank-and-file comic readers are cretins.

I can never forget the classic statement uttered one evening by a comic-book reader turned comic-book writer. "Thank god some of the guys in the office realize 9-m. doing top-notch stuff," he told me without apologetics. "The damn kids out there certainly have no idea what I'm talking about."

I couldn't bring myself to tell him that the kids had no idea what he was talking about because the stuff was unreadable.

**A**nother thing that often bores these comic-book writers is your age. Since more of their staff reads of amusements written in this country since the demise of the 8-pagers of the twenties and thirties, most of these comic-book writers contend their comics are written for children. When confronted by criticism from a 14- or 15-year-old comic reader they assail his intelligence by complaining that any normal teenager should be out reading Time and Newsweek or Playboy.

Which is strange, since almost to a man these same comic-book writers read comic books well into their twenties. They only stopped reading comic books because they became comic-book proles, and it is well known that no comic-book professional reads comic books.

**T**his is not to say that you, the reader, are brilliant. I sometimes wonder at the books you praise, despite when you really do rate the significance of the increasingly rare comic-book masterpiece and am frustrated that you remain so perversely indulgent of the pulchritude you buy from the writers who hate you.

On balance, however, you, the reader, are probably more intelligent than the run-of-the-mill editors and writers producing today's comic books. Mark Evanier, one comic-book writer cognizant that his readers are, by and large, a sharp lot, recently exhibited the virtues of the comic-book rank-and-file. Writing in his magazine FEETLEAUM, a small publication distributed through the amateur press alliance, CAPA ALPHA, Evanier noted that most comic-book innovations of the last few years have been formula-

lated from suggestions first made by comic-book readers.

As Evanier also pointed out, even though comic-book professionals such as Roy Thomas, Julius Schwartz and Bob Kanigher went to great lengths to criticize the suggestions when first advanced, the major companies were eventually forced to adopt the readers' thoughts as sound economic judgment.

**A**mong the innovations the astute Evanier mentioned as fan-generated were the suggestion that two comic-book companies collaborate on a book containing their most popular characters (National and Marvel recently published SUPERMAN VS SPIDER-MAN); the feasibility of reprinting comic-book stories from the 1940s (both National and Marvel now do, despite repeated claims that "cruddy" art made it impossible); comic-book adaptation of CONAN novels (Conan is now one of Marvel's few consistently strong-selling characters); revival of pulp characters like The Shadow and Doc Savage, color in Warren magazines; adaptation of popular movies like 2001 and PLANET OF THE APES; revival of the original CAPT. MARVEL (National now manages to squeeze millions of dollars in licensing fees that once-lame suggestion); reprints of THE SPIRIT by Will Eisner in commercial form, and several others.

Evanier, however, missed the most obvious manifestation of readership intelligence. Tired of being fed more utter nonsense of inferior work, the supposedly stupid comic-book rank-and-file did the smartest, most effective thing they could have done—they stopped reading comic books.

**I**n the mid-1960s, when writers like Gardner Fox and artists like Steve Ditko helped maintain a certain level of comic-book quality, sales were fantastically good. Several times, with the aid of television programs, books like BATMAN and ARCHIE pushed passed the million-sales-per-issue mark. Even poorer-selling books consistently sold well over 300,000 copies per issue.

In today's market with comic books run by increasingly cantankerous and decreasingly talented writers, sales have plummeted. A book which sells as many as 200,000 copies per issue is rare.

As a matter of fact, it proves what I was about to tell the woman of whom I write before she was so justifiably dismissed.

"You know," I was about to say with my luxuriant Brooklyn accent, "readers aren't ever as dumb as you think." ●

# A most Private



BRIET CULMEN PEERED INTO THE COLD CANADIAN WASTES ABOUT HIM. SHIVERING AS THE Icy WIND KNIFE THROUGH HIS WARRIOR'S SOUL.

# TERROR



NOTHING MOVED OUT BEYOND THE GLOW OF HIS MEAGER FIRE. YET SOMETHING LIVED OUT THERE FOR SOMETHING PRESSED HIS ANIMAL SENSES SORELY, MAKING HIM ANXIOUS.

HE PONDERED THE POSSIBILITIES OF ANIMALS OF PREY WHICH MIGHT BE STALKING... WAITING. WOLVES, LEAN AND HUNGERED FROM THE STARVING OF WINTER.

PERHAPS IT WAS A GREAT TILMONED ICE BEAR, DRIVEN FROM ITS LAIR IN SCAVENGE OF MAN FLESH!



OH... HIS HEART SHRANK... IN THESE LANDS, THE FEARED AND FABLED OLD THINGS...



THE STINGING ICE WIND HOWLED AS BRILEY CULMEN'S MIND RAN TO HALF-REMEMBERED SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FROZEN GREYLANDS.



IF LEGENDS WERE TRUE, THE CREATURE STALKING HIM MIGHT BE A DEADLY, RAVENOUS WEREBEAST!



BUT WORST OF ALL, BRILEY CULMEN FEARED THAT OF WHICH LEGENDS DID NOT SPEAK... THE UNKNOWN!





GRILEY CULMINEN LET HIS THROATWARTS FLY, REMEMBERING HIS TREK INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON.



IT WAS THERE WHERE HE FIRST SAW THE TERROR OF THE DAMNED!



A WOMAN! BEAUTIFUL, ENCHANTING, MYSTERIOUS, WITH SKIN THE COLOR OF BAKED CLAY. AN INDIAN!



HE REMEMBERED STAYING IN  
HER LODGE FOR ENDLESS  
DAYS...AND LONGER FOR  
CAPTAINING NIGHTS GROWING  
MORE AND MORE LOATH TO  
LEAVE HER.



SHE TEASED,  
TORMENTED,  
BEGUILED HER  
GREAT WHITE  
GOLDED CAPTIVE.



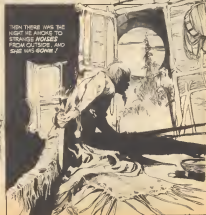
SHE LEFT HIM DRAINED  
IN BODY AND SPIRIT!



MANY TIMES HE'D SEEN THE GENTLE  
REDPOLE FROM THE VILLAGE AVOID  
HER HUT AND SCREAM IN TERROR  
IF THEY VENTURED TOO CLOSE OR  
SAW ANYONE INSIDE. BUT HE DID  
NOT KNOW WHY.



THEN THERE WAS THE  
NIGHT HE AWOKE TO  
STRANGE NOISES  
FROM OUTSIDE, AND  
SHE WAS GONE!



IT CAME THAT NIGHT...



...THE TERROR!



HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT!



YET, HE KNEW  
IT MUST DIE!



HE STARED AT THE DEAD WOMAN.  
HAD SHE BEEN A MONSTER?...OR  
HAD IT BEEN ONLY A DREAM...  
WHICH LEFT HIM A MURDERER?  
CONFUSED, HE RAN!



THE WUNDERBA'S THOUGHTS OF THE  
WEREWOMAN REMINDED HIM THAT ONCE  
MORE THE COLD THING HANDED.



GREAT GAWD! I'M  
JUST SITTING HERE  
WAITING TO DIE! IT  
TURNS MY GUTS!  
I... I'M LIKE A  
COON IN A TREE!



I... I CAN'T FIGHT  
WHAT I CANNOT SEE!

CAN'T FIGHT AT ALL WITH  
...WITH MY HANDS FROZEN!  
I... I'M DEAD MEAT!



SHOCKED THE REALIZATION SHOOK  
HIM. HE WAS FREEZING TO DEATH!  
HE BEGAN TO THROG DESPERATELY IN  
THE CLOPPING SADDLINGS TO  
CIRCULATE BLOOD BACK INTO HIS  
NERVOUS LESS LIMBS. HE KNEW THAT BY  
MORNING HE WOULD BE DEAD AND  
THE COLD THING WOULD BREAKFAST  
UPON FRESH MEAT! HE HAD TO  
AWAKEN HIS BODY SOMEHOW! HE  
LOOKED GRIMLY AT THE FIRE!

HE USED THE LAST OF HIS PRECIOUS KNOWING,  
STORING THE FIRE UNTIL IT BLAZED FIERCELY,  
THEN PUSHED THE LIFELESS LEGS INTO THE  
MIDST!



HE MIGHT HAVE WENT AROUND HAD  
NOT HIS THROAT BEGIN TO  
FREEZE AS WELL, THE WATCHDOG.



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLAME STUNG  
HIS NOSTRILS AS THE SKIN PUFFED AND  
SPILT, THE JUICES SIZZLING LIKE POAK  
ON A SPIT!

THE MINUTE STINGING BEGAN AND BURN AS HE  
HELD AS LONG AS HE COULD UNTIL, AT LAST  
HE NAD THE EFFECT HE HAD SOUGHT SO  
DESPERATELY...



HORRIBLE PAIN!

IIII, AAA, H!





HE HAD DONE WELL, HE'D GIVEN VOICE TO HIS LIFE!



I'M STILL ALIVE!  
YOU HEAR ME, YOU  
OUT-EATING BEAST?  
YOU BETTER HEAR AND  
BE AFRAID... I'M  
STILL ALIVE!



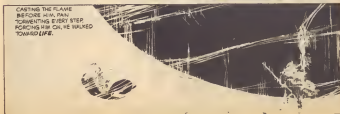
YET HE KNEW HE'D STILL FREEZE  
ERE DAWN. HE FORCED HIMSELF  
TO TAKE SALVES FROM HIS SACK  
TO DRESS THE BURNING. HE  
MUST SLACK THE PAIN NOW, SO  
THAT HE MIGHT FLEE!



HE HAD NEEDS  
PRESSING TO  
TRAVEL AND SO  
HE MUST HAVE  
LIGHT TO  
CLEANSE THE  
DARK.



CASTING THE FLAME  
BEFORE HIM, PAIN  
TORMENTING EVERY STEP  
FORGING HIM ON, HE WALKED  
TOWARD LIFE.





BY GOD'S TEETH!  
I'LL USE MY RIFLE FOR A  
CRUTCH AND FIND THE  
SUNLIGHT! GOD HELP ME  
CURSE THAT CRITTER IF  
HE CATCHES ME! WE'LL  
SEE!



STUMBLING AND FALLING, THE  
HAGGARD WANDERER  
STRUGGLED INTO THE EAST  
PRAYING FOR THE COMING  
OF DAWN.

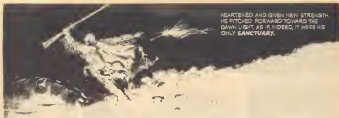


WITH EACH STEP HE BEGAN TO FEEL COLD EYES UPON HIM, WREATHING HIM;  
HE WAIGNED HOT GUSTS OF FETID BREATH UPON HIS NECK, AND SAW SPECTRES  
FROM THE GLOOM.



SUDDENLY HIS HEART SOARED LIKE A RAVEN ON WING. FOR THERE,  
UNMISTAKABLY IN THE EAST CAME THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF A NEW DAY!





HEARTENED AND GIVEN NEW STRENGTH, HE PITCHED FORWARD TOWARD THE DAWN LIGHT, AS HE NOSED, IT WERE HIS ONLY SANCTUARY.

STILL, THOUGH HIS SPIRIT RANED! BEHIND LAY THE PRESSING DARK, AND THE SECRET FEAR IT CONTAINED. TURNING AND CHANGING A GLANCE, HE CRIED ALOUD!

THE COLD THING! WOOD! H-HELP ME!

THE COLD THING! WOOD! NOOOO!

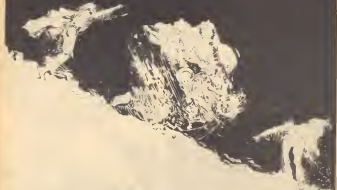
THE COLD THING! NO. STAY AWAY!

FINALLY DASHED ACROSS THE BORDER OF MADNESS BY HIS TORMENTOR, RILEY CULVERN, JERBERD LIKE AN IDIOT... WORDLESSLY THE MARCHING SOLDIER, HERO AND SURVIVOR OF COUNTLESS CAMPAIGNS... THE FAILED BARLORD OF FIRE AND DARK! WAS HEARD, THE COMMAND OF FEAR AND ICE!

THE FEAR, MADDORED MAN, SCREAMING INTO THE DARKENED DAY BEFORE THE PRESSURE OF THE UNKNOWN CURSE.



FALLING! RISING AGAIN!  
STUMBLING! RUNNING!  
FLEEING TO LIVE... THE  
MAN REGRESSED... TO  
NOTHING MORE THAN A  
MINDLESS ANIMAL!



HE RAN LIKE A CRIPPLED CHILD...



...WEEPING FROWL...



...**FEAR!**



AND AS THE GREY LIGHT BEGAN  
TO FILTER INTO THE SKY, THE  
LAND FELL AWAY FROM  
BENEATH HIS FEET AND...

...PAIN SEARED THROUGH HIS MIND /  
THEN ALL FEELING FLED HIS  
CONSCIOUSNESS / HIS SPIRIT HAD  
SHATTERED!



HIS GLAZING EYES STARED AT THE CLIFF FROM  
WHENCE HE HAD FALLEN TO HIS END AND,  
BEFORE HIS OWN DARKNESS FOREVER CAME  
UPON HIM, HE SAW....?



HE SAW AND KNEW. HIS LIPS CURLED  
BACK AWAY FROM HIS TEETH IN A  
RELAXED SMILE. HIS FEAR WAS GONE...  
EVEN AS THE BLACKENED CLOUDS  
HID THE SUN OF DAWN.



IN THE DIM GREET MIST THERE PUNCHED THE  
BEAST, SHORT WHITE FUR STIRRING WITH  
THE MIND, EARS PITCHED FORWARD  
LISTENING, NOSTRILS TAPPING AS STIFF  
WHISKERS BRISTLED. THE ANIMAL OF THE  
NORTHLANDS WATCHED PATIENTLY IN THE  
BITING COLD UNTIL THE ODD CREATURE  
WHICH WALKED ON TWO LEGS FINALLY  
LAY STILL. BELOW AND MOVED AWAY?

CURIOSITY SATIATED,  
IT BUNKED  
NONCOMMITTINGLY,  
PINK EYES TURNED  
AND HOPPED BACK  
TOWARD IT'S COZY  
BURROW.



END

THE SONOROUS DRONE OF HIS VOICE RELAXES YOU, JANET BOCKER...  
LULLS YOU INTO AN IRRESISTIBLE TRANCE.

HOURS OF UTTER TRANQUILITY WASH INWARDLY  
OVER YOU, AND YOUR FINAL THOUGHT IS A  
QUESTION: YOU WONDER *WHY* YOU VOLUNTEERED  
TO BE A SUBJECT OF FREE-MARTIAL HYPNOSIS!

YES, JANET...  
REMEMBER... BACK TO  
A TIME BEFORE YOUR MOTHER  
BORE YOU. REMEMBER BACK  
TO YOUR PREVIOUS LIFE-  
TIME... AND A DIFFERENT  
INCARNATION!

YOU ARE SAFE, JANET.  
THERE IS NO DANGER IN  
REMEMBERING

"I... I WAS SOMEONE ELSE THEN... LIVED NORMALLY,  
BUT IN A DIFFERENT TIME AND... ANOTHER PLACE!  
MY NAME WASN'T JANET BOCKER... I WAS PRISCILLA  
STARKER... I... AND I LIVED ALONE... IN  
SARLEM... EXCEPT FOR POOR KITTY. SHE WAS MY  
ONLY COMPANY... ASK WITH ONE EYE... AND ME  
WITH MY PARENTS' LONG IN THEIR GRAYVES!"



WHAAT? THEN... WHAT? WHY ARE YOU HERE, JANET?  
JANE... WHILE I WAS PREPARING DINNER FOR MY  
FATHER... THERE WAS A POWERFUL BURST... AND MY  
MOMENT... I WAS TERRIFIED!"

YOU'RE A WITCH,  
PRISCILLA STARKER!

WE'VE SEEN YOU  
CONSORTING WITH A ONE-  
EYED CAT... TENDING TO A  
WILE MISTAKE BROWN!

"THE MEN GRABBED ME THEN... DRAGGED ME  
FROM MY HOME... AND WENT FORWARD TO MY  
CABIN WHILE POOR KITTY WAS YET LOCKED  
WITHIN!"



AYE! SHE  
HAS NO FATHERS  
FOR SHE'S THE  
SARVAN OF  
SATAN!  
CONDEMN HER,  
I SAY... TO A  
DEATH BY  
FLAMES!

W-NO...!  
MY PARENTS ARE  
DEAD! I AM NOT  
THE DAUGHTER  
OF THE DEVIL!

SILENCE,  
WITCH! WE SHALL  
BE THE SOLE  
JUDGES OF  
THAT!



"AND EVEN AS THE PYRES RAGED  
THEY DRAGGED ME TO THE VILLAGE  
... TO A STAKE RESERVED FOR  
THE BURNING OF WITCHES...  
AND THERE I WAS A GUILTY  
OF UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES  
AGAINST GOD!"

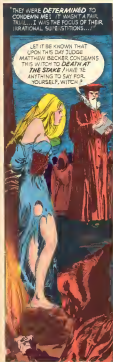
# DEJA VU





ALL RIGHT,  
JANET BECKER, WE'RE  
READY NOW... YOU WERE  
TELLING ME OF  
PRISCILLA STARKER...

YES, I  
WAS PRISCILLA  
STARKER... SO LONELY THEN...  
MY PARENTS WERE GONE!  
I HAD NO ONE TO SPEAK  
TO... ONLY KITTY! AND THEY  
CALLED ME **EVIL**...  
A **WITCH**!



"THEY WERE **DETERMINED** TO  
CONDEMN ME! IT WASN'T A FAIR  
TRIAL... I WAS THE FOCUS OF THEIR  
IRRATIONAL SUPERSTITIONS..."

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT  
UPON THIS DAY JUDGE  
MATTHEW BECKER CONDEMNS  
THIS WITCH TO **DEATH AT  
THE STAKE** / HAVE YE  
ANYTHING TO SAY FOR  
YOURSELF, WITCH?

YES! IF AS A  
**WITCH** I BE JUDGED  
AND CONDEMNED, THEN AS A  
**WITCH** SO SHALL I **DIE**! I  
**CURSE** YOU JUDGE MATTHEW  
BECKER! I CURSE YOU AND  
ALL YOUR DESCENDANTS  
THROUGHOUT  
**ETERNITY**!



YOU THOUGHT NOTHING OF DESTROYING  
MY CAT! SHE PROVIDED ME WITH THE ONLY  
COMFORT/DASH! I HAD! BUT YOU KILLED  
HER... AND SO I CURSE YOU! AND WHAT  
BETTER VEHICLE FOR YOUR DEATH THAN  
A WITCH'S FAMILIAR... A **CAT**! LIKE  
AN AVENGING ANGEL, A CAT WILL  
CAUSE YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS  
A **SENSELESS, MEANINGLESS  
DEATH**!



GOOD LORD! **IT** CURSED BECKER AND HIS DESCENDANTS IN HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION. SHE'S CURSED **HERSELF**, SINCE **SHE** IS A DESCENDANT OF JUDGE BECKER IN HER **PRESENT** INCARNATION!

THE AWFUL MEMORIES OF YOUR LIFE AND DEATH AS PRISCILLA STARKER, FADE AWAY AS THE GENTLE MONOTONE OF THE DOCTOR'S VOICE CARRIES YOU FORWARD... THROUGH BLURRED DARKNESS... MOVING SO QUICKLY THROUGH TIME...



ALL RIGHT, JANET BECKER... YOU **ARE** JANET BECKER, NOW! PRISCILLA STARKER IS ONLY A THING OF THE PAST. SOON SHE WILL FADE AWAY. YOU WILL NO LONGER REMEMBER HER.



YOU WILL AWAKEN WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS... BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER **NOTHING** OF YOUR TRANCE!



WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS IN A TRANCE. IT WAS HORRIBLE... **BEYOND BELIEF**! LIKE A NIGHTMARE... BUT I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER!



THERE IS **NOTHING** TO REMEMBER. JANET AFTER YOUR NEXT SESSION, YOU WILL FEEL NO PAIN OR FRIGHTFUL RECOLLECTIONS. YOU'RE COMING ALONG WELL, DEAR...!

**NEXT SESSION?** IF YOU THINK FOR ONE SECOND THAT I'LL SUBMIT TO ANOTHER, SHATTERING EXPERIENCE LIKE THIS ONE...



BUT YOU **MUST** COOPERATE! YOUR EFFORTS HAVE TAKEN ME TO THE VERY BRINK OF UNDERSTANDING THE CONCEPT OF **REINCARNATION**! I CAN'T STOP NOW!

**REINCARNATION?**! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? NEVER MIND... I DON'T EVER WANT TO KNOW! MY DECISION IS **FINAL**. I'LL NOT LET MY MIND BE FOLDED BY ANY MORE OF YOUR HYPNOTIC WOODS-POGUS!



STRANGE HOW AFRAID  
I FEEL... WHAT COULD THE HYPNOTIST  
HAVE DONE TO MAKE ME SO  
TENSE? I'D BETTER GET  
HOME...



ELSEWHERE... A SMALL CHILD FOLLOWS IN THE BACK SEAT OF HER FATHER'S CAR... A RUSSIAN CAT IN HER LAP... THE WIND BLOWING IN HER FACE...



PRETTY KITTY...  
KITTY IS SO  
PRETTY!



KITTY  
LIKES TO  
HIDE IN THE  
CAR, DOESN'T  
SHE?



SEE  
OUTSIDE KITTY!  
LOOK  
AT THE  
PEOPLE!



STUPID PEOPLE!  
IF THEY DON'T KNOW HOW  
TO DRIVE, THEY  
SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED  
IN THE DRIVER'S  
SEAT!

KITTY  
LIKES IT, DADDY!  
KITTY'S SO  
HAPPY!



WHY DO I  
ALWAYS TAKE THIS  
ROUTE? THIS HAS GOT  
TO BE IDIOT AVENUE...  
I SWEAR, MOVE, WILL  
YOU? STUPID  
CABBY!



GOTTA  
SPEED UP  
TO MAKE  
THIS  
LIGHT!



WHAT  
THE--! YOU  
CRAZY  
CAB-DRIVER--!





YOUR OWN CURSE HAS BEEN FULFILLED, JANET BECKER... IN A BURST OF CRUEL IRONY!



**EPILOGUE:** YOU ARE DEAD, JANET BECKER. AND YOU WILL NEVER APPRECIATE THE EFFORTS OF A MELANCHOLY HYPNOTIST... A HYPNOTIST WHO SHUFFLES AWAY FROM YOU WITH TRAGEDY-LADEN FEET...

I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE ANSWER THROUGH HER... CLEAR MY PAST... FIND MY *REAL* NAME.



WHEN I'D HEARD ABOUT JANET BECKER'S DREAMS, THE WAY SHE RAVED IN HER SLEEP, I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONLY CLUE TO MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S IDENTITY. AND SHE *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN.

BUT INSTEAD... I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL... A GIRL WHO SHOULD HAVE HAD A LONG, PROSPEROUS LIFE AHEAD OF HER.



AND THE MYSTERY OF MY PAST WILL REMAIN UNSOLVED... THE ONLY KEY TO IT LYING DEAD ON A COLD NIGHTMARE, THE VICTIM OF A CURSE I MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR...



BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW... ALL I'M LEFT WITH IS THE TORMENTING KNOWLEDGE THAT PERHAPS IT WAS *ME*, AND NOT A CAT WHO KILLED MY GRANDMOTHER TWICE REMOVED TONIGHT.



...AND THAT GRANDFATHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN SATAN!



**END**

# RELATIVES!



WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY YOU'RE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

YOU SAY YOU HAVE AN HONEST RELIGIOUS CONVICTION THAT THE EXPEDITION ISN'T GOING TO FIND ANY INTELLIGENT LIFE/ SO WHY ARE YOU WASTING YOUR TIME?

YOU'RE TWISTING MY WORDS, PAUL.

I SAID I DOUBT WE'LL FIND ANY INTELLIGENT LIFE/ I'M CONVINCED THAT IF WE DO, IT WILL BE THE IMAGE OF GOD... HUMANOID!

WHAT ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF ENVIRONMENT? YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, CLIFF!

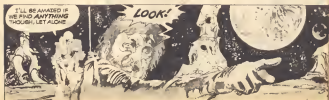
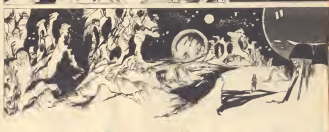


"SCIENTIST" IS NOT THE ANTONYM OF "CHRISTIAN." NO MORE THAN "CHILD" IS THE SYNONYM OF "CHAD." SO DON'T PATRONIZE ME. I CREDIT ENVIRONMENTAL ADAPTATION...



... I SIMPLY INSIST THAT IF THE ENVIRONMENT IS NOT SUPPORTIVE OF HUMANITY, IT IS NOT SUPPORTIVE OF INTELLIGENCE.









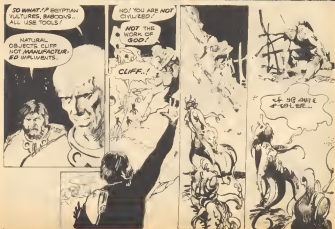
IT'S A... A SETTLEMENT  
OF THEM... AND THOSE  
STRUCTURES... THE  
SOPHISTICATION... BY  
GOD, THEY ARE  
INTELLIGENT!

B-BUT... THIS IS  
CRACK... IT CAN'T  
BE!



LOOK... AN UNINITIATED  
VISITOR TO EARTH MIGHT  
THINK THE CRAB  
INTELLIGENT JUDGING  
BY HIS SHELL... WE  
HAVE TO BE CAREFUL  
HERE!

CAREFUL? GOOD LORD, MAN!  
YOUR PREJUDICES ARE BENDING  
YOU. THEY'RE USING TOOLS DOWN  
THERE... TO BUILD, TO COOK!



SO WHAT? EGYPTIAN  
VULTURES, BABOONS...  
ALL USE TOOLS!

NATURAL  
OBJECTS, CLIFF  
NOT MANUFACTUR-  
ED IMPLMENTS.

NO! YOU ARE NOT  
CIVILIZED!

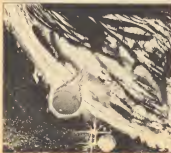
NOT THE  
WORK OF  
GOD!

CLIFF..!

OF THE GATE  
TO THE...



"PAUL AYLES, PERSONAL LOG," IN THE WEEKS SINCE INITIAL CONTACT, REGULATION CONCEALED STUDY OF THE SUBJECTS HAS PRODUCED IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF A PRIMITIVE BUT RAPIDLY ADVANCING CIVILIZATION. THERE IS CAUSE FOR CONCERN OVER CLIFF, WHO CONTINUES TO WITHDRAW INTO HIS WORK. HIS FAITH IN A UNIVERSAL GOD IS VIRTUALLY SHATTERED...





YOU WERE RIGHT!  
MORE RIGHT THAN I  
COULD HAVE KNOWN!

NO... I  
WAS WRONG!  
MAY GOD  
FORGIVE ME,  
I'VE ROLLED  
ONE OF HIS  
OWN!





# SUPER 8 BLACK & WHITE MOVIES

## 200 FEET OF EXCITING SILENT FILM ADVENTURE!

GREAT HORROR!

### PSYCHO



PSYCHO A suspense thriller about terror classic. Long needed! Great! Watch out for the psychopath killer! \$7.95 \$12.95

### FRANKENSTEIN'S NEW BRAIN



FRANKENSTEIN'S NEW BRAIN Monster with legs! Inside the poster, there you find a real with rage, destroying the! \$7.95 \$12.95

### Trial of Frankenstein



THE TRIAL OF FRANKENSTEIN The horror story that is amazingly revealed in a brain transplant from the brain! Taken directly from the full length movie "Trial of Frankenstein" 8 reels! Super profit for the entire length! \$7.95 \$12.95

THRILLING! CHILLING! BE BRAVE!

### HOUSE OF DRACULA



HOUSE OF DRACULA The Frankenstein monster, a vampire & a mad scientist! Classic & terrifying movie! Super profit for the entire length! \$7.95 \$12.95

### THE WOLFMAN'S CURSE



THE WOLFMAN'S CURSE A mad scientist's curse! The sequel from the horror film "House of Dracula"! Super profit for the entire length! \$7.95 \$12.95

## MONSTER GLOW IN THE DARK PAINT BY NUMBER KITS

CREATE YOUR VERY OWN GLOWING GHOST! FRANKENSTEIN, THE WOLMAN, THE HORRIFY PHANTOM OF THE DEATH, WITH THESE FOUR CHILLING ONE FROM BY NUMBER KITS. YOU CAN LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN WILD! EACH KIT HAS A BIG 14" X 10" PRE-PAINTED PANEL, 32 PRE-MIXED COLORS, BRUSH, GLOW IN THE DARK POWDER AND INSTRUCTIONS. EACH ONLY \$2.95



## TIME MACHINE MUSTIFYING HIT!

### 3-D STRANGE MODEL CHANGE

The TIME MACHINE is a plastic bottle lid that will allow you to create model pieces that are really 3-D! Included instructions included. Get the model together and a new look is happening! "Time Machine" is not on the 3-D market! \$7.95 \$12.95



## COMIC BUFFS AND COLLECTORS!

The 1974 comic art encyclopedia program from the New York center is a reminder! What's a good find, on the full size, too! \$7.95 \$12.95



Also included are 10 14" x 10" color view with this book and C.C. Book who created Frankenstein and the Wolfman! \$7.95 \$12.95

# HAUNTED GLO-HEADS

## 6" TALL MODEL KITS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK

Glowing eerily in the dark, each head rests on equally gruesome hands. They are made of sturdy, snap-together plastic, so no glue is needed and stand six inches tall. The heads are full, not just fronts, with finely detailed features which may be painted. Inside the kit is an offer for a full color (6" x 9") monster iron-on.



At the height of the full moon a howling cry is heard across the countryside and all who hear it know that tonight is the eve of the werewolf! With these kits you can have your own! \$7.95 \$12.95



Helps the dawn of evolution when he really was more animal than human! He roared murder and long! Some say that even in the not corners of the earth there are things that push beyond human! Watch for them! APE MAN GLO-HEAD \$7.95 \$12.95

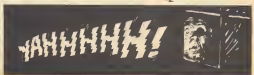


Covered with covered over, draped in a long black night gown, here comes the most feared of supernatural forces - the vampire! Look out! This sinister creature is as deadly as the bite of a cobra! \$7.95 \$12.95



It is best to keep Egyptian lands alone because if you disturb them you will invade the curse of the mummy! An ancient, shroud that is passed from mummies as the supernatural hand reaches for your throat! MUMMY GLO-HEAD \$7.95 \$12.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



# A SCREAM IN THE FOREST



SOMEWHERE IN THE FURTHEST DEPTHS OF THE FORESTS DWELL THOSE HINDLESS CREATURES WE KNOW AS THE "FEARIES". IN TIMES OF PLUNTY, THEY BOTHER US NOT. HOWEVER, WHEN THE LAND IS BARRENED AND FOOD BECOMES SCARCE...

...THEY COME OUT OF THE FOREST TO GATHER UP A SUPPLY OF ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE FOODS-- WOMEN!

THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST A FEARIE. HIS ENORMOUS SIZE AND STRENGTH IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ONE OF OUR RACE. WE KNOW OF NO WOMAN WHO HAS EVER BEEN RESCUED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A FEARIE.



THE SCREAMS IN THE FOREST ARE THE SCREAMS OF OUR LOST WOMEN BEING SERVED AS FOOD FOR A FEARIE APPETITE.

AND NOW YOU BEGIN TO HEAR THE SCREAMS AGAIN, USSEL! 'ACK!' WHAT ARE WE TO DO?



THAT IS THE HORROR OF IT ALL, FRITZ. WE CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST A FEARIE! IT IS TIME WE JOINED THE OTHER WOOD-CHOPPERS NOW. THEY WILL BE WAITING FOR--

HERE, MY FRIEND. YOUR AXE. YOU MUST'VE DROPPED IT LAST NIGHT. I FOUND IT ON THE PATHWAY HERE.



IT IS NEARLY NOON BEFORE THE TWO COMPANIONS FINALLY SET OFF FOR THEIR DAY'S LUMBER-JACKING.

THE FEARIES / SOMEONE SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!

YES, SOMEONE SHOULD.



USSEL IS LATE IN GETTING HOME THAT NIGHT.



SOMEONE!

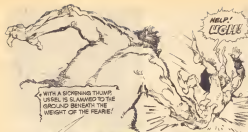


AT LEAST I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY SCREAMING TONIGHT, PERHAPS THE FEARIES HAVE HAD THEIR BELLY'S FULL.

BUT USSSEL HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON. A CRACKLING TWIG WAKING THE WOODSMAN ONLY TOO LATE THAT HE HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY...



A FEARIE!



WITH A SICKENING THUMP,  
USSEL IS SLAMMED TO THE  
GROUND BENEATH THE  
WEIGHT OF THE BEAST!

HELP!  
FIGHT!

THE WOOD CHOPPER, BULPS DOWN A  
PRAYER, AS THE MUSCULAR TERROR  
RAVES ITS HUGE PIST...



BUT THE INTENDED BLOW IS NEVER  
LANDED, FOR...



NEVER MIND  
WHO, WOODSMAN!  
JUST BACK OFF  
AND GIVE ME  
SOME FIGHTING  
ROOM!

WAO--!!

BUT IF  
YOU MUST KNOW  
MY NAME IS  
ARN OF  
WHITLOCK!

GRINCH

!ARROAR

DAZED BY THE SUPRISINESS  
OF IT ALL, USSSEL OBEYS  
THE NEWCOMER'S COMMAND.  
THIS HAVING GAINED HIS  
FIGHTING ROOM, THE  
SWORDSMAN FIGHTS!



ARN QUICKLY FINDS THAT HE  
SHOULD DO LESS TALKING AND  
MORE SWORD-WORK!

UFFF!

SPIRITS OF THE  
GUBIN PROTECT  
THIS BRAVE  
WARRIOR!

THE BEAST LEAPS!

YEH STARS  
BUT THE THING  
CAN THROW!

GET UP!  
GET UP!

BUT IT LANDS  
ONLY UPON  
EMPTY TURF!

GOT TO FIND  
A VULNERABLE  
SPOT ON THIS  
THING LIKE THE  
BACK OF HIS...

...NECK!





AN NOBLE  
SWORDSMAN. I  
AM YOUR SERVANT.  
YOUR SLAVE FOR  
ALL MY DAYS.

HA! HA! NONE OF  
THAT, WOODSMAN. IN  
THE FOREST, ALL ARE  
FREE. BUT I WOULD  
ASK A FAVOR OF YOU. I  
NEED A PLACE TO STAY  
TONIGHT AND--

AND USSEL HAPPILY AGREES  
TO ENTERTAIN HIM FOR THE  
REMAINDER OF THE EVENING.

HAVE ANY  
IDEA AS TO THE  
NATURE OF THAT  
WHATEVER-IT-WAS  
THAT ATTACKED  
YOU?

IT COULD  
ONLY HAVE BEEN A FEARIE.  
MY HUT IS JUST UP AHEAD  
HERE. WHEN WE GET THERE,  
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT  
THEM.



WITHIN USSEL'S  
ABODE, THE YARN  
IS TOLD.

BUT FOOD IS  
PLENTIFUL AT THIS  
TIME OF THE YEAR,  
USSEL. WHY SHOULD  
THE FEARIE ATTACK PEOPLE  
NOW?

I'VE NO WAY  
OF KNOWING FOR  
CERTAIN, FRIEND ARN.  
HOWEVER, IF YOU'LL  
ALLOW ME TO WAGER  
A GUESS...

PLEASE  
DO.



MY GUESS IS THAT THE FEARIE HAVE  
ACQUIRED SUCH A TASTE FOR HUMAN MEAT  
THAT THEY'LL NOW ATTACK PEOPLE. FOOD  
SHORTAGE OR NO FOOD SHORTAGE. WHY, THAT  
WOULD EVEN EXPLAIN WHY THAT FEARIE ATTACKED  
ME BACK THERE. THOUGH USUALLY THEY'VE  
ONLY HAD A TASTE FOR FEMALE FLESH.



SOMEONE  
OUGHT TO DO  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT THE FEARIE!

HEY!  
WHAT ABOUT  
YOU? YOU'RE  
FANTASTIC WITH  
THAT BLADE OF  
YOURS! I'LL BET  
YOU COULD--



HOLD ON THERE, USSEL.  
I'M NOT ABOUT TO  
DECLARE WAR ON A  
BAND OF PHYSICAL  
GIANTS LIKE THE ONE I  
MET TONIGHT. I MAY BE  
GOOD, BUT I'M NOT  
THAT GOOD. YOU'LL JUST  
HAVE TO FIND--



BUT ARN'S WORDS ARE CUT SHORT AS AN EAR-  
THERING SCREAMS ONCE MORE RIPS ITSELF  
THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR.

YAHHHHHH

THE SCREAM!  
MEIN GOTT!  
THE SCREAM!

NEVER HAVE  
I HEARD SUCH  
RAIN ANKSISH!

THE STILL CRY PHASE, AND THERE IS SILENCE.



USSEL, MY  
FRIEND... TOMORROW  
WE HUNT THE  
FEARIES.

THE MORNING FINDS USSEL  
AND ARN BACK AT THE  
SCENE OF THE PREVIOUS  
NIGHT'S SKIRMISH.

THE THING TO DO IS TO  
FIND THIS FELLOW'S  
TRACKS AND FOLLOW  
THEM BACK TO ITS  
LAIR.



LET'S  
GET STARTED  
THEN!

ARN LEADS THE WAY AS THE  
DUO DIS DEEPER INTO THE  
BOWELS OF THE FOREST.



THE TRACKS (FROM  
LESS READABLE UNTIL USSEL,  
SWEARS THERE ARE NO MORE.

IT'S HOPLESS, ARN  
THE TRACKS HAVE  
FADED INTO OBLIVION.

NO, THEY ARE  
STILL THERE... FAINT  
BUT STILL THERE.  
YOU CANNOT SEE  
THEM, IT TAKES A  
WARRIOR'S EYES  
TO SEE THEM.



SO ON THEY GO...



USSEL'S CRY HAS  
COME JUST IN  
TIME.

BY THE STARS!  
A BOULDER  
BEING THROWN  
AT US!



I'M  
LOSING MY  
BALANCE ARN!  
HELP ME!



PULL ME  
UP ARN!  
PULL ME  
UP!

AND AT THAT INSTANT,  
BOUNGING ACROSS THE  
TREE BRIDGE COMES...

IT'S THE  
FEARIE WHO  
THREW THAT ROCK  
AT US! HE'S  
COMING TO  
FINISH US  
OFF!

DO  
SOMETHING,  
ARN!  
QUICKLY!

THIS SWORD'S  
A BIT MORE  
ARMORED THAN A  
BOOMERANG,  
BUT...

IT'S GOT  
TO SUFFICE!

PROARRR!!

THE FEARIE DISPOSED OF,  
ARN PULLS URSAL TO SAFETY  
ONCE MORE.

WE STILL  
GO ON

WE STILL GO ON  
MY WARRIOR'S  
BLOOD HAS BEEN  
AROUSSED.

AND SO THE TREK CONTINUES ALL THAT DAY AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

BUT WHAT IF WE HEAR ANOTHER SCREAM TONIGHT, ARN? WHAT THEN?

ALL THE BETTER, MY FRIEND. WE JUST FOLLOW OUR EARS IN THAT CASE SAY? LOOK AT THAT CAVE OVER THERE! DO YOU SUPPOSE?

LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN THIS PLACE, USSEL.

HERE'S A CANDID.

CAUTIOUSLY THE WOODSMAN AND THE SWORDSMAN ENTER.

SURELY A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR! THIS IS IT! THIS MUST BE THE HOME OF THE PEASIES!

SO IT WOULD APPEAR.

SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING, ARN BOWELS ON HIS TINY COMPANION.

AND SO IT IS!

FOR A MOMENT THERE IS SILENCE. THEN, A SMALL SHUFFLING OF FEET... AND THE PEASIES APPEAR!

HELLO AGAIN, GOONS! I'VE RETURNED! HERE'S YOUR MEAT FOR TONIGHT.

IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU PEASIES! YOU SUPPLY ME WITH DIAMONDS, I SUPPLY YOU WITH NICE, FRESH HUMAN MEAT! A BARGAIN ON BOTH SIDES, EH?





## 2 NEW POSTERS

TWO NEW FANTASTIC FULL COLOR POSTERS FOR YOUR WALLS! ANOTHER WARRNER PUBLISHING GREAT!



**VAMPIRE** #17  
FULL COLOR 18" x 24" \$2.97/\$3.50

**CREEPY** #18  
FULL COLOR 18" x 24" \$2.97/\$3.50

Whether your King is back in bed, or your '60s '70s are going to make their own picture, either way the covers of our popular magazine are a treasure to be treasured. To each one is a special to each one and your own. The following are the full contents of each issue. You will be the best to your own set.

## Shrunk'n Head

FROM MONTOSH TO MONSTER!



**APPLE SCULPTURE KIT**  
You follow along instructions and you will be able to create extraordinary, realistic, shrunk'n head. This is a great kit for anyone who is interested in creating a head of a famous person. The kit includes everything you need to create a head of a famous person. The kit includes everything you need to create a head of a famous person. The kit includes everything you need to create a head of a famous person.



**DINOSAUR JIGSAW PUZZLES**  
FULL COLOR  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



The Age of Reptiles has come in these three generations. Full color dinosaur jigsaw puzzles. Each has 200 pieces. Each has 200 pieces. Each has 200 pieces.



**STAR TREK PUZZLES**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**MAKE US YOUR BAG**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**MAD MAGAZINE**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES

## 12 EVIL EDGAR & ALAN POE RECORDS!



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF TERROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES

**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF NIGHTMARE**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES

**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**EDGAR & ALAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES

## QUALITY HARDCOVER AND PAPERBACK BOOKS! ALL ABOUT COMICS AND MONSTERS!

**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES



**HORROR HARDCOVER**  
Each has 200  
PIC  
PUZZLES







# SENSATIONAL PIN UP POSTERS FOR SALE

Keep on Truckin'



KEEP ON TRUCKIN' Two Color  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50

# GIANT LIFE-SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP



DEATH BY  
JURY

**6  
FEET  
TALL!**

A giant, indestructible, and a force of the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, CYCLES OF FEAR! Call for details by letter or personal contact with Jack Davis & Associates of reproduction that is the original who used it. If you own a picture, please send it to the original who used it. If you own a picture, please send it to the original who used it. If you own a picture, please send it to the original who used it.

6 FT FRANKENSTEIN  
Black & White  
\$7.50  
\$1.50

A FULL 6 FEET—ONLY \$1.50

Movie greats! Superheroes! TV stars! Monsters! Come cover! You name it and you can have it. Order your terrific posters now. A poster for every room. A size for every niche. Some are in high contrast black and white. Some are in full coloring color. Hang them in your bedroom, den or playroom. Turn your house into a gallery. Display pictures of your favorite stars, ECs, comic characters. Don't miss your chance. Order posters now.



THE PHANTOM  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



THE PHANTOM  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



THE PHANTOM  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50

**BUY THESE  
MAGNIFICENT  
POSTERS  
OR A  
VULTURE  
WILL TEAR  
YOUR  
HEART  
OUT!**



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



FRANKENSTEIN Black & White  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



THE VAULT OF  
HORROR  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



TALES FROM THE  
CRYPT  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50



THE EXODIST  
\$4.95 - \$10.95 \$1.50

# SOUND HORROR FILMS

HEAR THE SHRIEKS. GROWLS. HISSES, GROANS  
IN THESE 8 MINUTE SUPER 8 MINI MOVIES!

Giant monsters threatening destruction to the earth. Fearful apparitions of the unknown. Some are in black and white. Some are in color. All are fantastic mounts for film collectors with a yen for monsters and the machine. Each film runs 8 full minutes. A complete mini-movie you'll want to own and show again and again!

## KONGA



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## MONSTER FROM A PREHISTORIC PLANET



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## THE PHANTOM PLANET



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

# REPTILICUS



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## DESTROY ALL MONSTERS



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## THE SCREAMING SKULL



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

## THE RAVEN



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

# HOBBY KITS

HAUNTED ZAP ACTION MANSION

GROESOME GRAVEGROULS

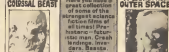


8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

# SCI-FI HOME MOVIES

REG 8 AND SUPER 8! 200' REELS!

WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

# PLANET OF THE APES



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

# PAPERBACKS



8 min. Super 8 film. \$4.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM



# ORDER CREEPY

# BACK ISSUES!



DON'T PASS UP A CHANCE TO OWN ALL THESE CREEPY MAGAZINES! DO YOU REMEMBER "SPAWN OF THE CAT PEOPLE"? "CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE"? "OGRE'S CASTLE"? THEY WERE JUST GREAT! ALL CREEPY'S TALES ARE GREAT!



LOOK AT ALL OF THOSE MAGNIFICENT COVERS! EVERY MAGAZINE IS WORTH HAVING FOR THOSE FULL-COLOR WORKS OF ART THEMSELVES! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GORY INTERIORS? EACH GRUESOME TALE IS BETTER THAN THE NEXT! "THE DAMNED THING" BY GRAY MORROW. "RUDE AWAKENING" BY ALEX TOTI. "SAND BINGERS" "ADAM LARK" SERIES, ILLUSTRATED BY JOE ORLANDO. "BEAST MAN" BY STEVE DITKO. DAN AOKI'S "THE BECKONING BEYOND." NEAL ADAMS' "THE TERROR BEYOND TIME." REMEMBER JEFF JONES' "ANGEL OF DOOM"? TOM SUTTON'S "IMAGE OF WAX"? HOW ABOUT JERRY GRANDENETTI? HE DREW "TYPE CAST" AND "WOODEN DOLL." DID YOU ENJOY FELIX MAS' GREAT "CLIMBERS OF THE TOWER"? AND HOW ABOUT WALLY WOODS' "THE COSMIC ALL"? DID YOU LIKE JOSE BEAS' "LIKE A PHONE BOOTH, LONG AND NARROW"? EVERY CREEPY ISSUE IS A COMIC COLLECTOR'S MUST! DON'T MISS OUT!

Just fill out this handy CAPTAIN COMPANY RUSH ORDER FORM, and enclose your cash, money order or check, and your items are on the way. Be sure to indicate first How Many you want, the Item Number, its Name, the Price and the Total Price; of each book, kit, film, etc. Refer to our handy postage and handling chart (lower left) to add in the exact amount before adding up the final total. Please print clearly throughout.

Mail to: CAPTAIN COMPANY, P.O. BOX 430, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

ZIP CODE

**OUR GUARANTEE:** Our merchandise will be replaced if not received in satisfactory condition.

Please print clearly and legibly. Add \$2.50 (for three pieces) per piece and handling on orders outside the U.S.A.		We ship postage and handling charges free in U.S. only. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.		<b>TOTAL FOR MERCHANDISE</b>	
POSTAGE & HANDLING CHARGES: Use this entry point to figure proper postage and handling charges. Add correct amount by Postage & Handling box left (e.g., 10¢) and send "Total Enclosed" which you will send us.		If Your Order Is:		U.S. State Customers add 8% Sales Tax	
Up to \$1.50 add.....	89¢	\$7.01 to \$8.00 add.....	\$1.40	<b>POSTAGE &amp; HANDLING</b>  <b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>	
\$1.51 to \$3.00 add.....	98¢	\$8.01 to \$11.00 add.....	\$1.85		
\$3.01 to \$5.00 add.....	99¢	\$11.01 to \$15.00 add.....	\$3.95		
\$5.01 to \$7.00 add.....	\$1.80	Over \$15.00 add.....	\$2.25		

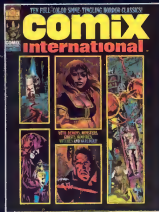
IMPORTANT! CHECK HERE IF YOU ARE ORDERING HOME MOVIE FILMS ☐ REGULAR 8mm FILM ☐ SUPER 8mm FILM

ONLY FRANK THALSTRA COULD BRING YOU  
PAINTING LINE THE COVER OF GENE. HE  
ONLY A COMPANY LINE WARREN HEDDLE  
PRODUCE THE PULL COLOR COVER IN  
COMBINATION FORMAT THEN TURN IT IN  
TO A HIGH QUALITY HUGMAN PUZZLE. ONE  
500 PIECES MAKE THIS BEAUTIFUL PUZZLE  
A CHALLENGE TO ASSEMBLE AND THE RE-  
SULTS ARE WELL WORTH THE EFFORT! AN  
EXCELLENT PUZZLE MASTERPIECE! #2491-50

# NEW FROM WARREN PUBLISHING! TWO DYNAMIC MAGAZINES! FULL- COLOR STORIES BY THE FINEST WRITERS & ARTISTS IN COMICS! 80 PAGES! SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 2

COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 3



Fly on ebony wings of terror with "The Raven!" Discover the new and horrifying meaning of the year's most sacred holiday... "Anti-Christmas" Journey to 1853 and learn the meaning of "The Butcher's Lonely Prayer!" All by Rich Corben! Travel to a different sphere with Esteban Maroto! Here the smell of seafood, the roar of the crowd, means Oswald's dark universe... "The Circus of King Camellia!" A world of unearthly delight! Or death! Or "The Winged Sheaf of Fate!" Reckon with Wally Wood to a distant galaxy... where monsters are merely "Menhuncers!" Read Crandell invites you just around the corner for a look at "The Bees at Bacon Street!" And beyond, Barel Wrightson's "Mach Menster" stalks Joe Orlo takes you to the future... where Big Brother is watching and cops are big! Orin Oswald's "Purge" where citizens do what they are told. Or else Lois Garcia's gentle lure is the sun-sweet beach of "Jenie," where the rolling sea contains unmentionable horror! Ten full-color classics! 80 pages of adventure and fear! Heavy weight paper! Quality printing! Large Magazine format! COMIX INTERNATIONAL #2. #1C12/\$3.95



Is reality here? Now? Or does it lie out there... behind your TV screen's "Black and White Vacuum to Blues?" Who is "Warrior?" A demonic entity? Or a little girl's purple stuffed rabbit? The last man on earth is dead! What makes it "A Wonderful Morning?" You're the only man... crash landed on a planet of beautiful, male-starved women! And this is bad? What happens when a Child... created big, green and ugly, from carcasses of dead animals... is forced on an unsuspecting world? In what horror does his "Childhood End?" Why does Doc the Warrior, fated to failure and death, fight on? Can any man resist marriageless passion, evil, twisted souls? What is sure fire insurance against lycanthropy? Why is "An Angel Shy of Hell?" And why is he smiling? The answers to these questions lie in COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3! A new magazine featuring eleven full color stories by Rich Corben, Esteban Maroto, Fernando Fernandez, Joe Orlo and Jeff Jensen! 80th Magazine format! Heavy-weight paper! Quality printing! The supply is limited! Order now! COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3. #1C13/\$4.95